

WILLIAM DEAN KILPATRICK

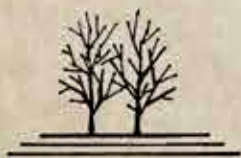
American Sculptor

AT THIS TIME THERE ARE 19
MISSING PIECES.



ALCHEMIST

We see in the
speculative
philosophy of the
alchemist, an
attempt to transform
idea into mass...
Could the sorcerer
but place his hands
together and allow
the gifts to appear...



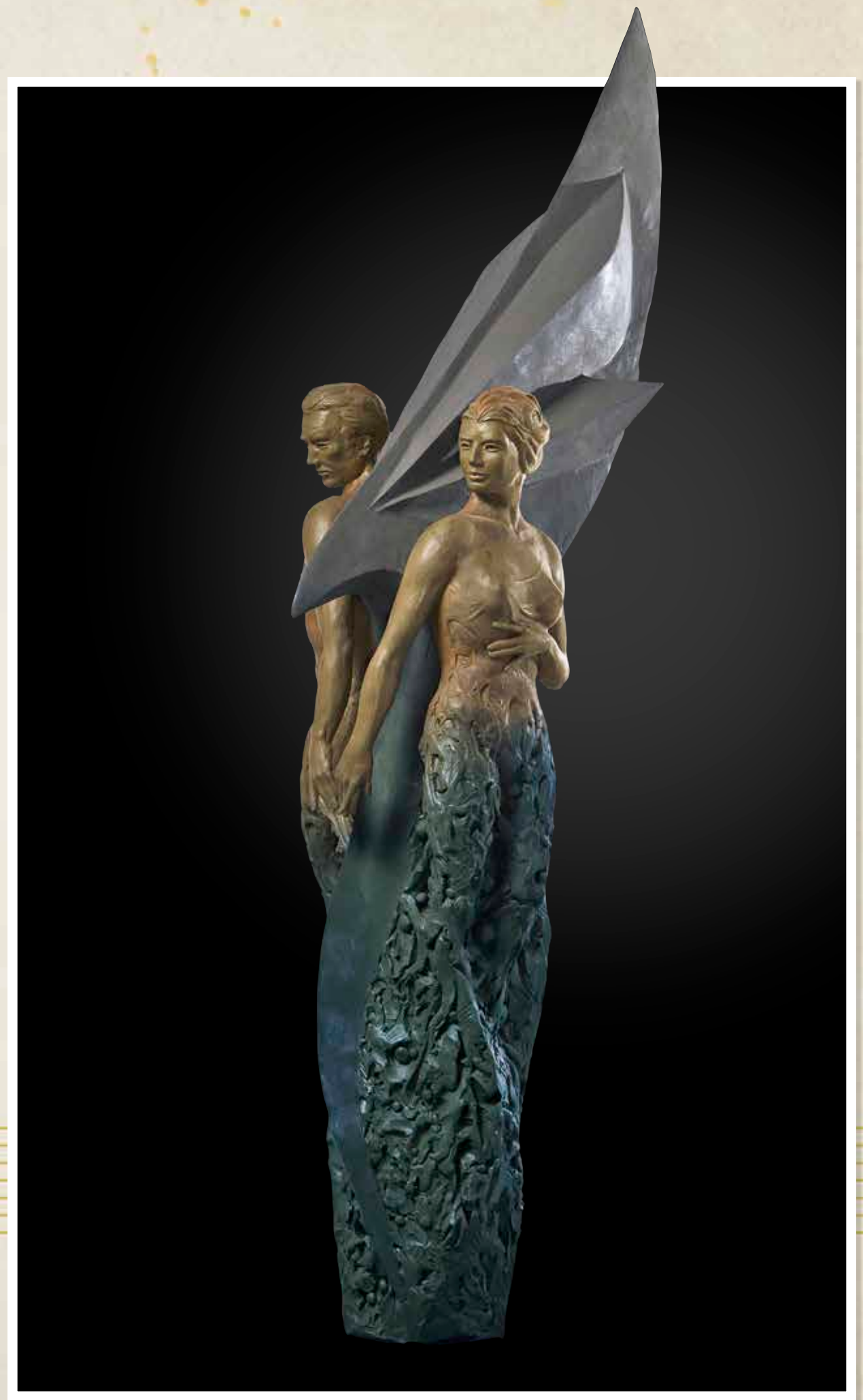
I arrived
at an opening
in the forest
and stood
spellbound just
outside myself

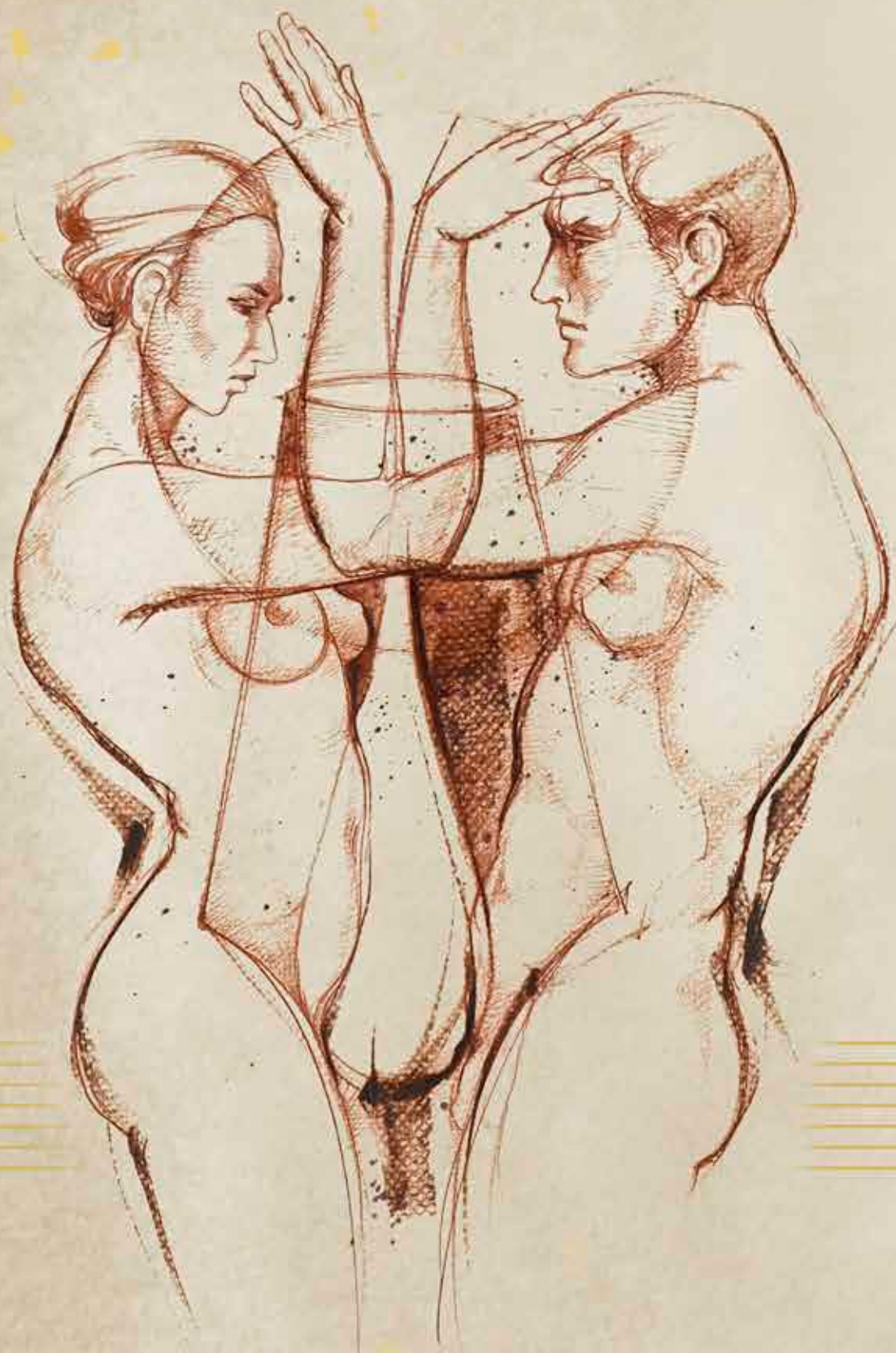




PSYCHE

*Those treasures
hidden in the
marshlands of
the mind...
the golden apple's
bite that takes us
through the rind...
standing at the core
where matter forms
its mass...
we twist and turn
elusive shapes
whose time has
come to pass.*





W. D. 24

E XTASIS



*Where does the spirit go
in those moments
of sensual bliss?
Arching through time and
space... companioned
alas by birth and death.*



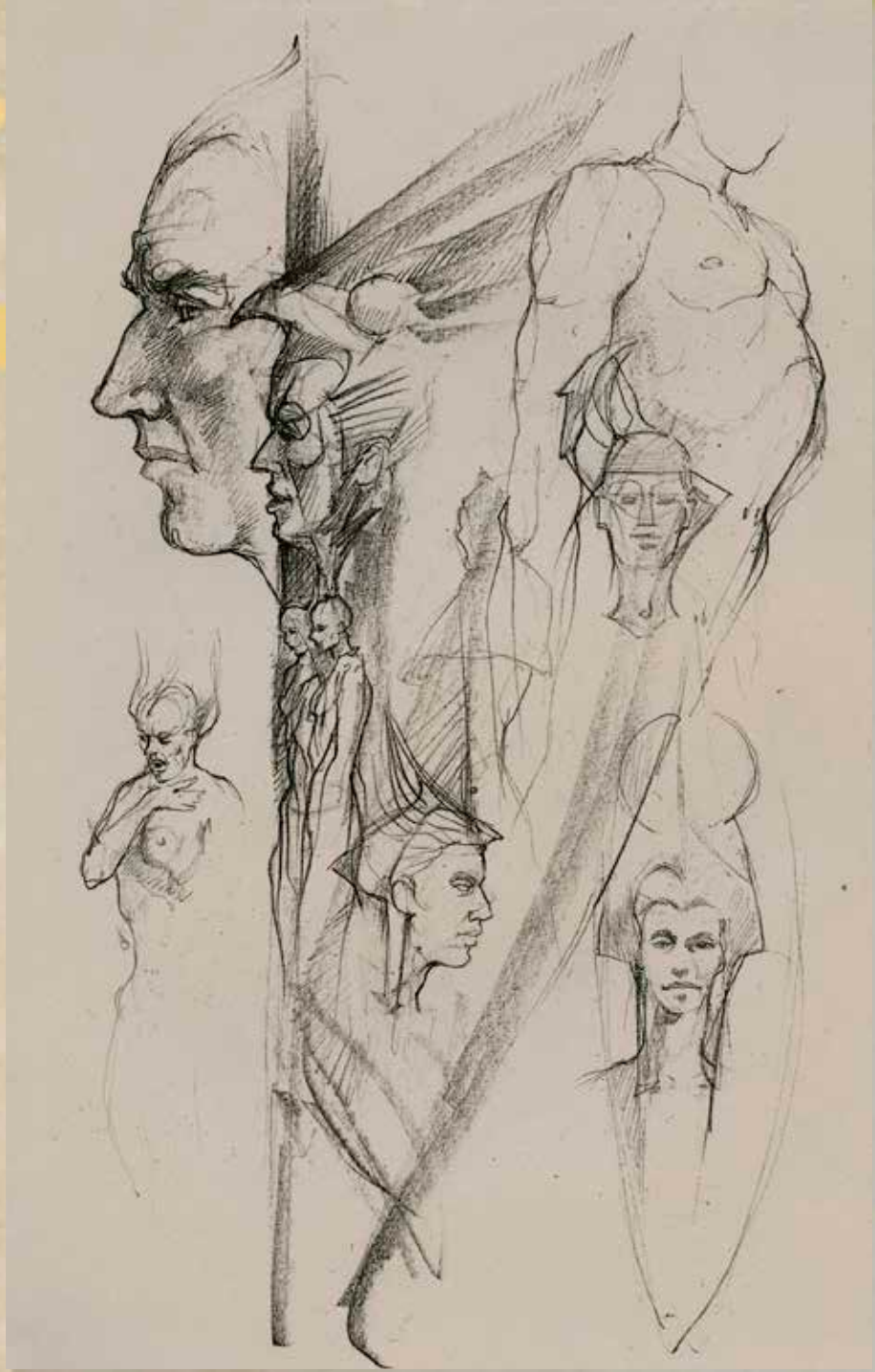
TRISTIA

*Haunted by images
from some ancient
past... unable to
fathom their
significance he
twists and torques
in anguish.
Draped across his
psyche lies a
distant memory.
Entwined in the
passions of life, he
is torn from the
earth... yet still
enraptured by the
elusive...*



*Life is like a Poem
that doesn't rhyme
and that's what I like
about it*





*S*HALAKO

*A chunk of wood
with thickened
bark...
A fallen bird,
a chastened lark...
What lies within
this hallowed tree...
more often vague
than hard to see...
until it grows
within my hands...
this chunk of wood
from ancient lands.*



*The beauty of not knowing
the outcome
invigorates the process*





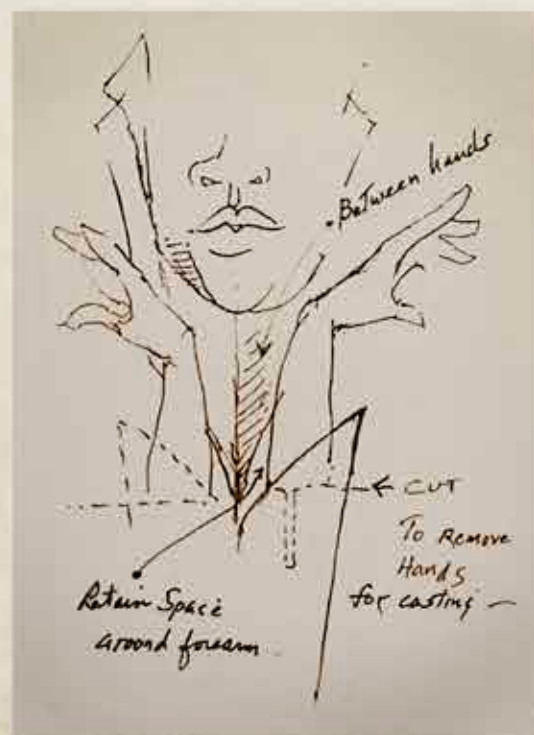
KASMIRA

*No one knows
where the Shamon
travels...
but if one decides
to tag along...
the revelations
can be astonishing*



SIRCE

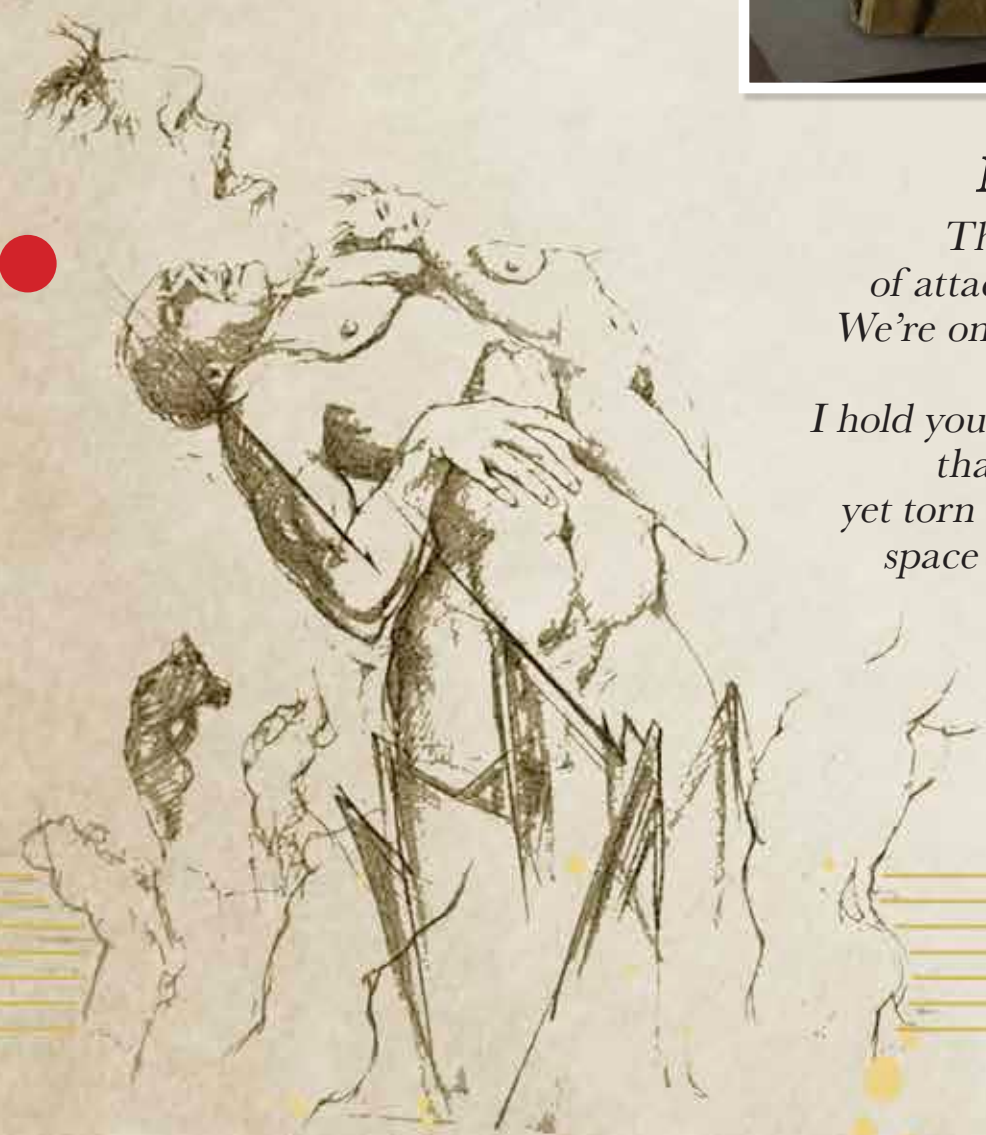
Often the most difficult aspect of exposing my sculpture is attempting to explain it. My work hints at many things but is not necessarily any of them. Is this haunted quality an attempt to give substance to a distant remembrance... or is this the residual effect from some unresolved experience...



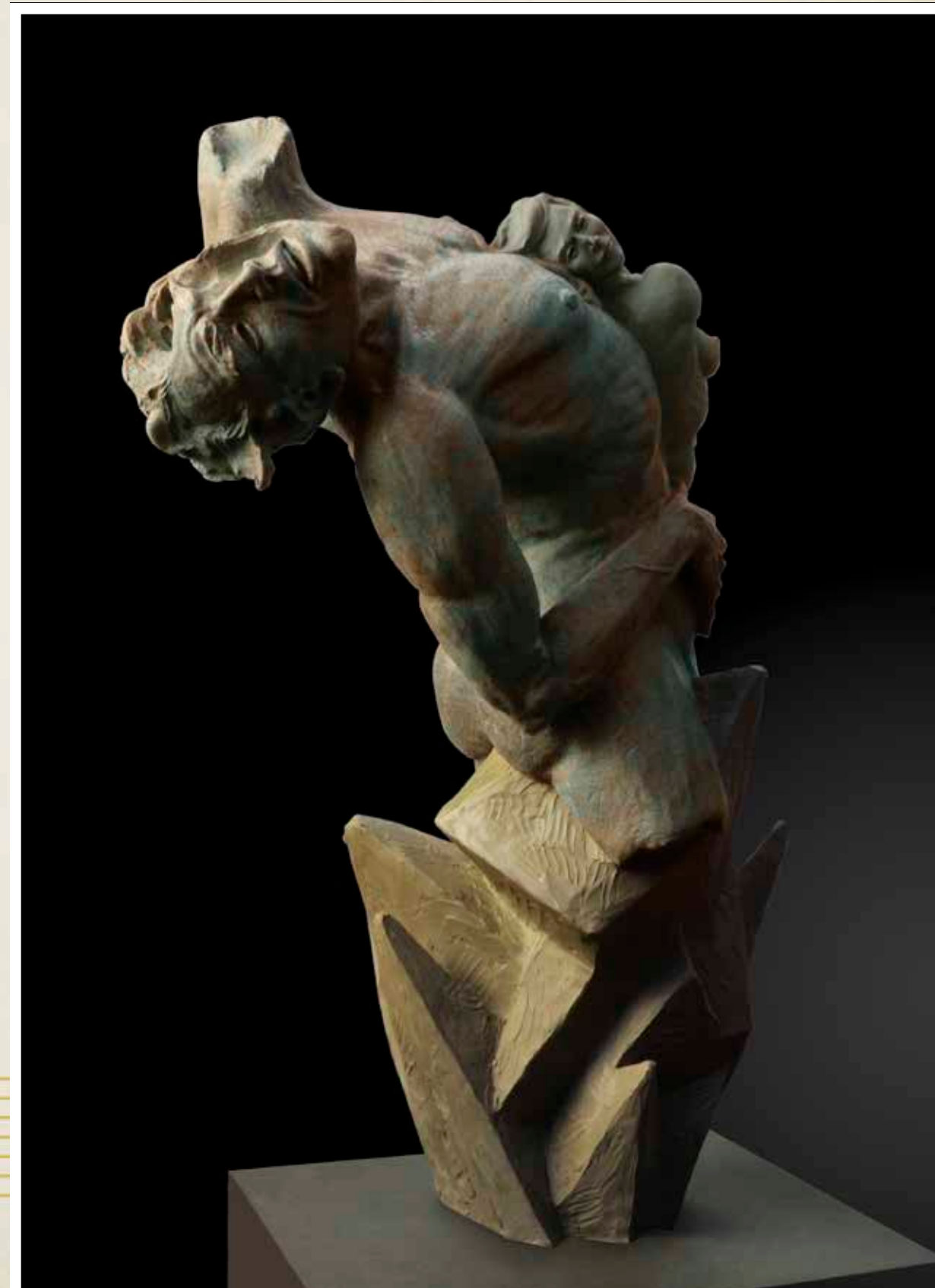


Night Scream

*The pain and passion
of attachment to a theme-
We're one and yet a severed
separate dream...
I hold you now with thoughts
that bind you to me...
yet torn and tossed through
space you struggle free...
These segments of
myself not what
they seem...
Released at last
Through night's
eternal scream...*



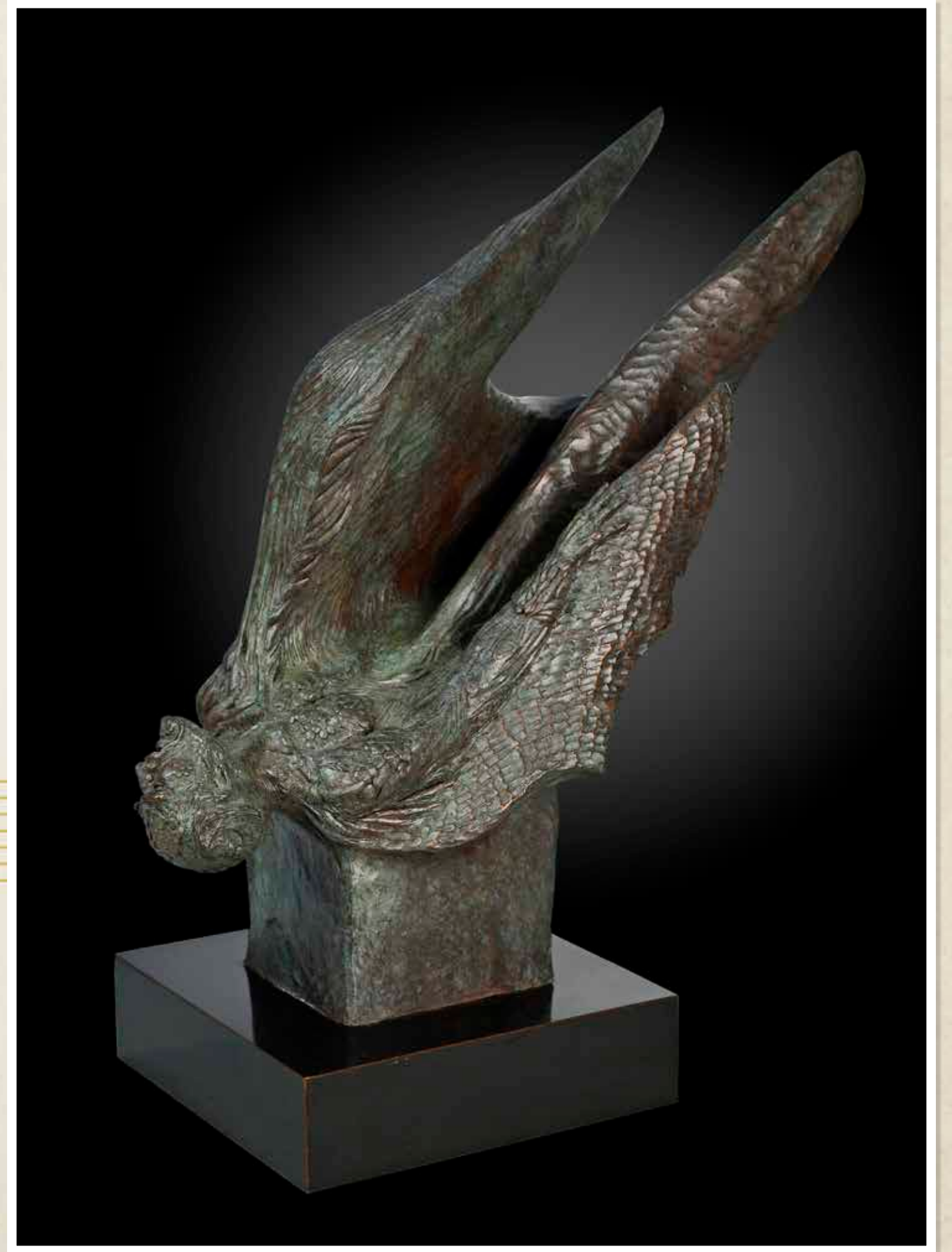
IN PROGRESS





Icarus

The classical myth of Icarus
is subject to many interpretations—
Who has not been dashed
by unattainable aspirations?
Inflamed, yet clinging to the dream
he falls to Earth.

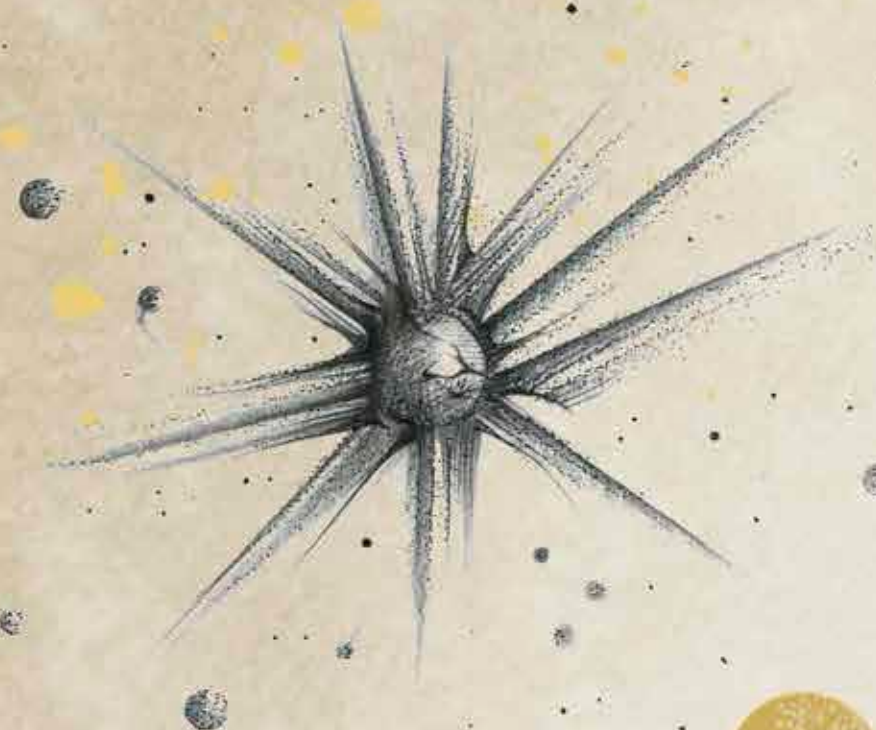




GALVANIC CONTRA

*Is it vanity which
cajoles us into creating
something out of nothing.
We need only to search
for a space for it to
exist...
and so we push aside
all notions of limitations
and forge ahead.
Perhaps something
can be made out of
nothing but a spark.*





I NCEPTION

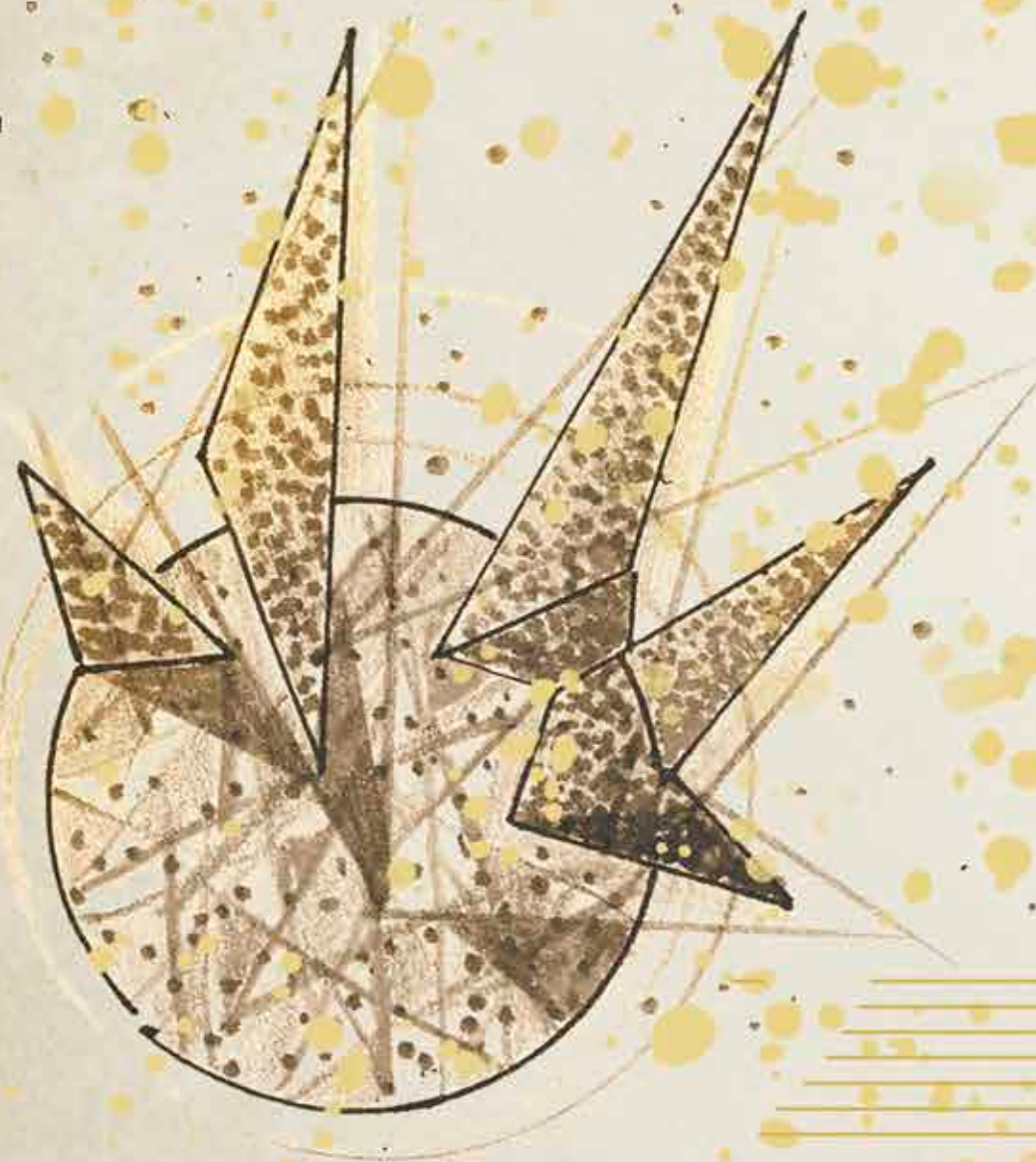
*If the big bang theory
Signaled the coming into
Existence of multiple
Universes...where in this
Cosmic dust did life begin...
The evolution of species
Seems to require
An initial spark...
Perhaps somewhere deep
In space the ancestral
Notion forms.*

*Some of my work
although figurative
seems to have
a biomorphic origin*



MONDIAL

Human origin has
always been full
of controversy
and speculation...
from the large
masses of
interstellar dust
comes the infusion
of male and
female forms.
From dust into
life into dust.
The endless
cycle...



*Is she obscured by him?
or he by her?
Not completely.*





COSMIC DANCE

*To gaze into the
moonscape of the
mind is to encounter
the unknown.*

*We step into the night
and wonder at
the light...
this tiny bulb with
mesmerizing force...
illuminates our path
and helps us chart
our course.*

What archaic forces abound





PERIGEE

*How ferocious this
inner turbulence...
now matched only by
the outer vortex.
Are we victims of
these cosmic currents...
Who can say...
what links us to the
music of the spheres...
that magical dome
under which we
travel...
is it our ability
to conjure...*

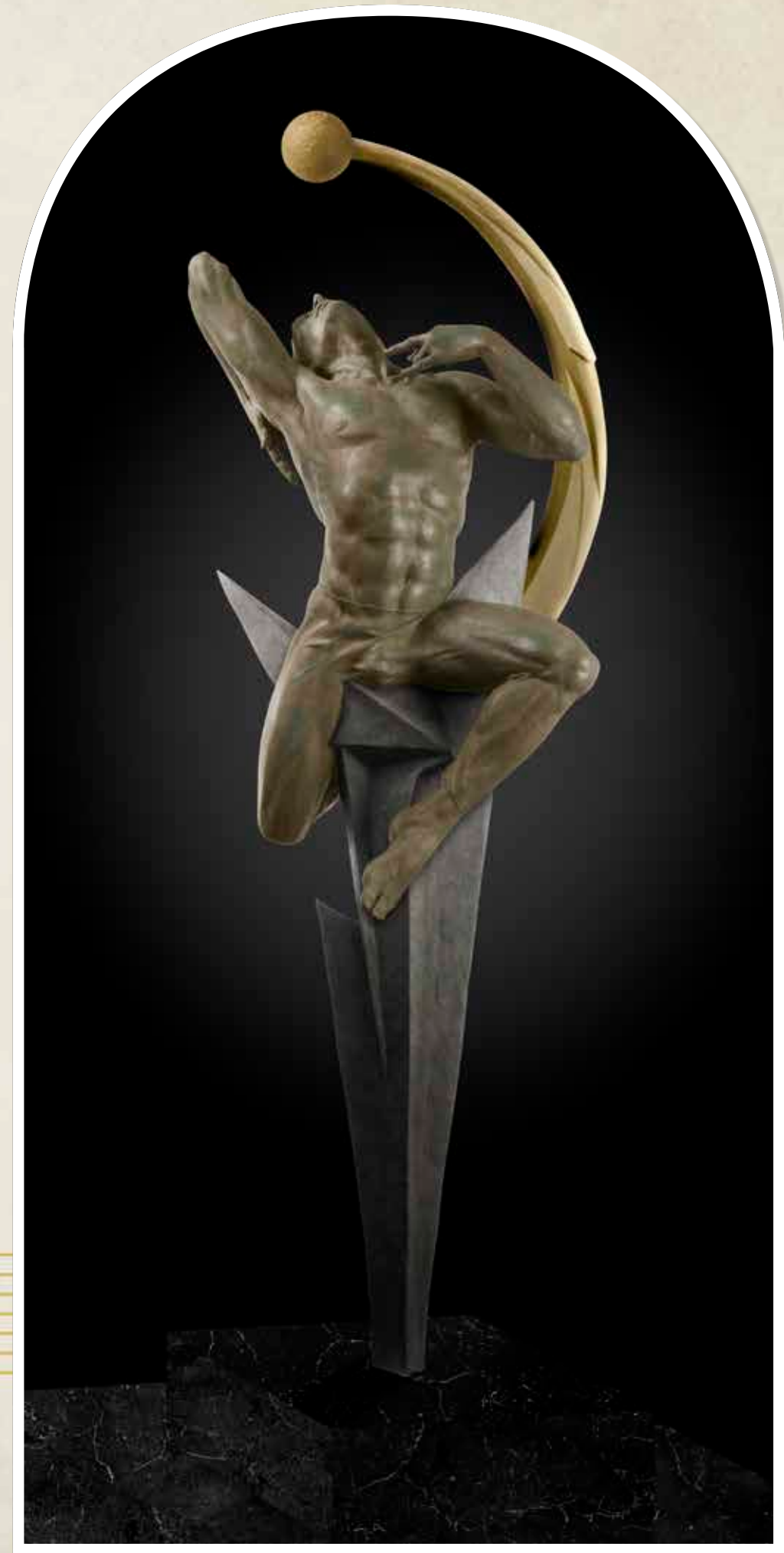




FADE COMET TAIL
PHOTO LIGHTER

MELERON

Back in the void...
that iridescent blue
dome with specks
of light that tug at
my psyche...
who is this figure
grasping for the
streak of light...
could these ancient
meteoric tails
signal a pathway
to an unexplored
universe?





I

INVOCATION

*Thirty miles from
my vantage point
lies the vanishing point...
like horizon lines on a
painted canvas
I am drawn to this space...
and there she floats...
always infinitely
out of reach.*





A SCENSION

What makes us see
what we see... feel what
we feel...
why do we create the
images we create?
Unanswered questions
haunt our subliminal
minds...
we float down a path
towards an answer...
but it silently
slips away.
Is this the levitation of
the spirit... in search
of an unknowable
deity...
The face of the Goddess.



JOAN of ARC

*The life of
Joan of Arc has
always intrigued
me...*

*both from the
touted historical
events... and from
the mythic
proportions they
have assumed.
The iconic image
of the Maiden of
Lorraine with her
horse and the
burning stake has
floated about in my
subconscious on
many occasions.*



